

The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK	387
ROUAULT, PROPHET OF DISASTER	
<i>Jerome Mellquist</i>	390
ARE WE MISSING A BUS?	392
<i>John C. Cort</i>	
STANDING THE TEST	395
<i>Jesse Stuart</i>	
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	398
<i>Michael Williams</i>	
COMMUNICATIONS	400
THE SCREEN	400
<i>Philip T. Hartung</i>	
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	401
<i>Living Upstairs—The Long Ships Passing— The Reed and the Rock—Saint Cecil Cyprian— Sonnets to Orpheus—The Uninvited</i>	
THE INNER FORUM	405

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Criticism: Strength or Weakness

THOUGHTFUL people the country over are beginning to ask why the United States has so little to show for eight months of mobilization and intensive war effort. Our military machine is still in its preparatory stages and popular criticism of our conduct of the war is at its height. News of ship losses is delayed but at the very best American production is barely keeping up with Axis sinkings. There are 10,000 to 25,000 Japanese in the Aleutians with apparently nothing effective being done to dislodge them. Reports increase as to the inadequate equipment of our air force—witness Representative Lydon Johnson's firsthand testimony as to the woeful inferiority of our Navy PBY patrol bombers and the latest N. Y. *Times* despatch that eight months after Pearl Harbor we are still using P40's in the Pacific when they are no match for Japanese Zeros under normal cloudless Pacific weather conditions which call for action at high altitudes. And so the round of criticism goes.

But as a result of these and other detailed failures much graver and more general charges are being bruited about. The *Times* of August 4 delivers an editorial blast at the failure of the British and American commands to get together on allocating the scarcest of raw materials, standardizing the sizes of bombs and bomb racks, collaboration between our respective air forces and on even more vital matters. The editorial signalizes the need of full-time strategists and unified national commands to direct our operations, while Arthur Krock in a nearby column

commends to the attention of both the President and Mr. Churchill the example of Abraham Lincoln, who left things up to Gen. U. S. Grant. Then there is Bill Cunningham of the Boston *Herald*, who asks what Congress is doing in this hour of national peril. He finds that after passage of the tax bill the House felt that there was nothing important on their docket, while the Senate had constant difficulty in maintaining a quorum. The one day he chose as a horrible example, July 23, the Senate from actual record dealt with the following things he dubbed as "typical": an appropriation for a Jefferson commemoration late in 1943, testimony that Senator Happy Chandler did not cheat on priorities in building a new swimming pool on his front lawn, setting the terms of the U.S. District Court at Ft. Myers, Fla., amending the pension age in the Canal Zone Retirement Act, voting a medal to J. Edgar Hoover for catching the saboteurs, discussion of a N. Y. *Times* article, lengthy argument whether D. C.'s Recorder of Deeds should get raised to \$6,400 or \$8,000 a year. On the economic front charges were equally serious. Edward H. Collins, associate financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, shows how we are trying to meet the basic need of increased war production and the threat of inflation with the same techniques which were devised to meet the problems of unemployment and surpluses of farm and manufactured products in the early 30's, when the situations are diametrically opposite. To remedy our general ineffectiveness, he makes a strong plea for imagination, new leaders and new weapons on every sector of the war effort.

What can be said of this rising tide of criticism, this piling up of charges so hard to answer? With the armchair demand for a second front they reflect wide dissatisfaction with the way the war is going. And they also manifest growing national determination to win through. It is to be hoped that they do not lead to a premature offensive. That such basic criticisms can so openly be made is a tribute to the freedom of expression maintained in our American democracy. In this sense they contribute materially to national morale. Many of them embody ideas of the greatest constructive potentiality. Yet everything depends on the extent to which the authorities give them heed. If the Administration leaders and the ranking generals and admirals fail to adapt themselves to the tragic lessons forced upon us, the most pertinent criticisms and suggestions and the costliest defeats will go to serve only one main purpose: to arouse the American people to the magnitude of the task that lies ahead and steel them to the utmost sacrifice. That means much. But if at the same time outmoded methods can be discarded and we are ably led, these bitter lessons will prove to be a potent means by which victory can be assured. Potentially we are the

[387]

strongest military power in the world. And time is required to marshal our offensive strength; the American people must be patient as well as wholehearted in their war effort. But there has accumulated ample evidence to justify them in demanding the speedy development of more imaginative and enlightened leadership.

Et Tu Quoque

FATHER JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P., edits the *Catholic World* and in it he writes a column which, deservedly, is widely read. No one with any feeling for style, with any respect for courage can fail to appreciate Father Gillis's persistent, eloquent, uphill defense of his political ideas. He is a brave man, a straightforward and honest writer, and he assumes the responsibility—in the best American tradition—for all that he writes. He fought long to keep America out of the war. America is in the war. His patriotism is above any question. At present Father Gillis is intensely concerned lest, under cover of the war, communism—and perhaps the British Empire—should invade our nation's way of life. He would prefer to have America fighting alone, defending our shores and our shores only. "We can take care of ourselves." That is his position and he can count on us to defend his right to state it.

We cannot count on him to defend our performing what seems a duty: to appreciate and diagnose the realities which we face now in war and which we shall face eventually at the peace conference. Some weeks ago we wrote several editorials dealing with possible Russian claims to incorporate in the Russian system various independent bordering states. We suggested that the total independence of these border states would not be likely to survive an Allied victory since it was highly unlikely, as a fact, that Russia could be induced to tolerate the existence of any zone potentially dangerous between her and Germany. We warned idealists to take this situation into account in planning a post-war Europe. We saw in the plight of these states whose sovereignty is thus imperiled the indication of a far-reaching and certain necessity to think in terms of federation. In admitting the probability that these border states would have to merge their life with that of Russia—in a federative unit and with whatever possible guarantee for the survival of their cherished faith and culture—we admitted also that we can see no permanent peace co-existing with a chaos of unlimited and necessarily antagonistic national sovereignties.

Father Gillis is "an old-fashioned American, a George Washington American . . . a non-internationalistic American." It is no shock to us to find that Father Gillis disagrees with us. However, we cannot help feeling that it was hardly necessary for him to express his disagreement in

the following terms. "But I cannot refrain from saying that I think there has not been in the history of Catholic journalism in America so unblushing an abandonment of both Catholic and American political and ethical principle." Father Gillis accuses us of selling down the river Poland and Esthonia and Lithuania and Latvia and of doing so with complete cynicism and callousness. We deny this charge. Indeed the principal reason for taking up the subject at all was to secure for the Baltic countries agreements protecting them, at the very time the post-war settlement was being discussed by the United States, Great Britain and Russia. We favored such agreements rather than any vague formula which would leave these countries in danger of complete absorption when the war is over, since the Russian armies would presumably be in control of that entire area. And though we are not over fond of the retort *ad hominem* it is difficult for us not to remark that Father Gillis seems completely willing to abandon every country in Europe to nazi domination, content to defend America alone. His sudden and violent interventionism on behalf of the Baltic countries is remarkable.

N. B.

WHEN the *Catholic Daily Tribune* of Dubuque, Iowa, suspended publication several weeks ago, Msgr. Smith, head of the growing *Denver Register* chain, made some syndicated remarks which continue to reverberate. His conception of the need for centralization of the Catholic press was most fully and devastatingly dealt with by Joseph Matt, K.S.G., veteran editor of that fine journal, the *Wanderer* of St. Paul, Minn. To Msgr. Smith's bland assertion that "the Catholic press of America is growing so big it must be Church-controlled" Joseph Matt replied in part: "That is something new in the history of the Catholic press! At any rate such an idea was completely foreign to the Popes and Bishops of all countries who for many decades have never ceased to praise and encourage publishers and editors and collaborators and readers of Catholic newspapers—long before anyone thought of putting a barbed wire fence around the Catholic press in order to make it the exclusive preserve for those with the right connections and the progressively 'big' ideas and resources!" And now the *Southern Messenger*, "the Official Catholic Newspaper of Texas," has this to add on Msgr. Smith's observations: "It is not easy to place these singular expressions into proper intellectual focus; as to the 'justification' propounded by Monsignor Smith, its implications are frightening in their similarity to the 'justification' used by the totalitarian powers which have all but eliminated the Church in the majority of the countries of Europe."

Paris

RAIN fell softly in the night. I had come into Paris from the East and the Station was full of soldiers coming back on leave or entraining for the front. Once you were out of the station the streets were empty and the rain fell and it was cold and the street lights lighted up the shining wet streets. I was miles away from any part of Paris that I knew.

That was all those years ago, that was in that other war.

The rain fell in Paris and the war that night was like the rain over the silent city. It seeped through your clothes, it seeped through your courage. The street lights, and whatever hope you had, and whatever purpose, only measured the darkness. The war seemed interminable. The war seemed like the winter and the winter had gone on into the spring of 1917, into this cold rain, into the dark of this night, into the dark sadness of the tired troops.

I woke up in an unknown room. I had coffee at the hotel bar and a soldier was worrying about a train. Soldiers are always worrying about trains. Trains in wartime are always delayed and a soldier's leave is always short; he is always worried about a train that will take him to a station where he can change to another train and so reach his home; he is worried about what he will find at home and then when his leave is finished he is worried because he has to do the whole thing over again in the other direction. There was a workman having coffee in the bar and he said when are the Americans going to get going.

When I went out into the street I did not see the Café de Paris or Notre Dame, or the Louvre or the Arc de Triomphe. I did not see Marshal Foch or General Pershing. I did not see Napoleon's tomb. I stood and looked at the hotel in which I had slept and someone was opening the blinds in a room on the third floor and in another room a maid was shaking a duster out the window. The whitewashed front of the little hotel was stained and faded. In the street, women were coming out of the apartment houses carrying their market bags and at the end of the street there was a school and boys were coming along the street and entering the graveled courtyard of the school. The people who lived in that hotel and in the street, each one of them bearing his personal anxiety, his personal grief, his personal hope, were starting out to live and work and worry and pray through another day. And in every street in Paris and in every street in every city and town and village of France—while the troops held that long line from the sea to Basel—the civilian population of France lived, endured and hoped.

The French hoped. And we Americans came

and the story of what happened is a known story.

It is possible to say that every Frenchman hopes now as he hoped then. If the United Nations mean to liberate France it is their obvious duty, and to their plain interest, to let the people of France know that such is their determination. It is fitting for us to say to the French: your soldiers are in prison camps, some of your leaders have deserted you, but we are coming. There are only two alternatives: either we lose the war and then you collaborate with Germany and, indeed, we collaborate also with Germany; or we win the war and the Germans will be driven out of your land and we will find a manner of collaboration that will not involve subservience to their cruel and arrogant order. We promise you solemnly that we shall never make a peace at your expense. Of that we are incapable for the principle on which we can make a peace—the central principle—makes it unthinkable that the people of France should remain enslaved. We know that we are not winning the war in any way that can be noticeable to you. We know that when the time comes and we enter into decisive action we shall, in so doing, expose you to the gravest dangers. All we ask of you is that you wait, that you give no inner and irremediable consent to an order we intend to destroy.

That, I think, is the language we should speak. That is the language, I imagine, that Admiral Leahy spoke when he was our representative in France. That is the language that André Philip—who has just reached England from France—has asked the British and General de Gaulle to employ when speaking to the French. It is the language used by President Roosevelt. Of course it is a language unknown to the editorial writers of the *Nation* and the *New Republic* and the *New York Post*. These people want French civilians to open the second front, violence in the Paris streets, a French revolution while still we are in no position to give the revolutionaries any effective support—they think the war will be won through their arguments with our State Department. They attack Admiral Leahy, and they have not even the courage to admit that they are attacking the man who sent him to France and who now has placed him in a position of high trust.

The only language you can speak to the French is the language that you would speak to the French if you were in Paris, now. The only words that can be used without a certain feeling of indecency are simple words, non-emphatic words, unboastful words that would not sound shameless if you were speaking them in Paris. And such words would never fail to preserve some memory of the suffering and the triumph of the other war. That speech alone will be acceptable, understandable and replied to in the unhappy streets of Paris, now.

C. G. PAULDING.

Rouault, Prophet of Disaster

Tragedy and hope in
a magnificent painter.

By Jerome Mellquist

NOW more than ever, the powerful paintings of Georges Rouault seem like a prophecy of disaster. They were prepared in a furnace, or hammered into shape underground, and then driven upon the canvas. If they could speak they would moan. Seldom do they laugh: they are too intense for laughter. These prostitutes, judges, clowns—they are penitential beings, and it seems that a bell is striking as if to toll their dirge. And the landscapes are desolated. Even factories are blackened. All is a burnt-out inferno. And yet the work of Rouault, distinguished for the last forty years, is not hopeless. For always, even in the most sombre passages, a relentless bell is calling men to prayer. They have but to believe, and be saved. Thus, while Rouault has projected a lamentation which might well be the song of the world today, he also has conducted men into certain deep-set chambers once associated with the truth, but long since forgotten. This too is prophecy.

Rouault was well prepared for his mission. Even the circumstances of his birth were indicative of disaster. The Germans were withdrawing from Paris—the year was 1871—the Commune had taken charge, and suddenly a shell struck the house where Georges's mother was awaiting her *accouchement*. Immediately thereafter the child was born. Little is known of his childhood, but his feeling for the poor and his repeated portrayal of huddled families would suggest an identification with people in those circumstances. Certainly his father, a poor artisan at the Pleyel piano-works, never could provide overabundantly for his household. Nor did the youth ever complete his schooling.

At fourteen he trudged off to work. From seven to seven he labored at the glass-maker's, with but an hour off for lunch. This time he would use to immerse himself in the glories of the old stained glass. Already it seemed that his imagination was taken by the black leadings which rim in passages of rose, of blue, of incandescent yellow. Gradually he became an expert. But at twenty, having resolved to become a painter, he refused an attractive commission and dedicated himself to the easel at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Here he soon had the good fortune to discover Gustave Moreau, as teacher. Possibly this was the only happy

interlude in the painter's whole life. For Moreau, medievalist, illustrator of Biblical scenes, veritable decorator of Nineveh and Tyre, had at the same time a curious ability to accept the Moderns. He urged his students to look at Manet, at Degas, and even at Renoir, while his other colleagues sought to "excommunicate" them. Yet he would also tell his classes that they must seek out some source of exaltation which was not available to the naturalists. For he insisted—and here certainly was a tie to Rouault—that without such an attachment painting could never blossom as it had in the Middle Ages. And young Rouault, listening, felt that these were words of Gospel truth, and resolved to follow them. He took numerous prizes, and was the favorite in the class—a class which also included Matisse and Marquet.

But in 1897 Moreau died. The sun had been blackened for Rouault. Where now would he turn? His own work had already been ridiculed. Conventional though it was, his scenes at Emmaus, his *Samson at the Mill*, had aroused the spleen of the critics. Too dark, they said, and mumbled, "Rembrandt." As if this were not enough, a brother-in-law died in Algeria and Rouault's parents had to leave him to console the sister. Now did he trudge the streets of Paris as he had in his childhood, but with a different burden on his back. He was the Pilgrim, seeking a new way of painting. He could no longer satisfy himself with the religious pictures more facile painters were contributing to the churches. And yet when he tried to project the images of his own faith, he still could not identify what he did with his own thirst for God. Daily he would pass the *maisons closes* and study the inhabitants within. From the bridges he would inspect the backs of the stevedores, laboring at the barges. At last he found a channel for his torture.

He depicted a number of prostitutes which frightened the painter himself. Looking at these battered, soiled, hopeless creatures, he said, "It is terrible, what I have done." So said the critics too. But if the creatures were lamentable, the painting was not. Vast and throbbing, these figures assault the mind and signify a wrath which is not merely the painter's. They suggest some point higher than the scale of man, and the distortions arise from this difference.

It was in this period that he met Léon Bloy, a writer then in his late fifties, who had never been able to support himself by his own work. Bloy has been compared to a gargoyle on the roofs of Paris. Jacques Maritain has said of him, "Instead of being a whited sepulchre, like the Pharisees of every time, he was a fire-stained and blackened cathedral. The whiteness was within, in the depths of the tabernacle." And M. Maritain's wife, Raïssa, has recently written that Rouault, as early as 1905, was frequently in the rooms of Bloy—silent, thoughtful, soaring perhaps to those transcendent levels which the old writer sometimes reached in his conversation.¹

For Bloy was a prophet. He said—and this was 1900—that the "Exposition . . . ought not to take place, because Paris and all nations will have enough to do with hardening their sinews against death." Two years later he recorded, "I think we are at the prologue of an extraordinary drama, the like of which has not been seen for twenty centuries,—I invite you to a certain degree of recollection." Listening, Rouault must have felt that here was undoubted confirmation of what he had been articulating in his own paintings. He, too, was portraying a world that was lost—a fearsome world where men had forgotten God and were suffering the consequences. And even though Bloy couldn't see it that way—dismissing the artist's work as being "exclusively attracted to ugliness"—Rouault constantly saw the older man and felt his impact up to the time of the writer's death in 1917.

But Bloy's dismissal of Rouault's world could only exacerbate the tortures within. Rouault, whom once he had called the "painter of the seraphim," now sought out more and more desolate realizations. Only when he went to the circus did he relax. Tender depictions would follow, but even here the clowns would hang their heads. At last, in images of the Savior—either upon the cross, or again merely as a reverent head—Rouault found the exalted source which reassured him. And in this was a counterpoint to his grief—like grave organ music which promised a pathway to the stars.

Somewhat before 1914, therefore, Rouault had mapped out the prospectus of a world. In that world the darkness was thicker than the light. It was populated by unfortunates and beasts. Some had been struck down by viciousness, some by greed, some by animal weaknesses—few were worthy. And how many can say this was not accurate to the situation? Looking back, is it possible to say that men were ruled by justice? Was

there not some canker at the root of life? Thus seeing, Rouault summoned men to believe. And soon his call was succeeded by the sound of the mightier gun.

* * *

After the World War many artists faltered. They felt cut off, somehow limited. Even Matisse, one of the most intelligent, restricted himself to a smaller and smaller area, as if, by mastering that, to signify his own expansion. And for a time it seemed that for Rouault the outpouring had diminished. Much of his production went to Ambroise Vollard, the French dealer, it is true, and this in the form of black-and-white illustrations to certain of his books. Yet the interlude was necessary, and it fortified the intrinsic capacities of the artist.

How? As Lionello Venturi points out in the present admirable study of Rouault,² it enabled the painter to disengage himself from the illustrator. So that, when later more time was available for his canvases, they were free of whatever had been adventitious earlier. In a shimmering half-darkness he would delineate some mighty nude upon a couch. The nude lay there with the arc of her body making a vast ellipse which seemed to travel beyond the bounds of the picture, though it didn't. He no longer condemned. He was at ease. He considered the fact and even sought the principle. A new objectivity was his. And this, contends Signor Venturi, was the final mark of his maturity. The man was separate from his work, though fully embodied in it. The art spoke for itself.

Who, looking through the pages of this handsome book, can fail to agree with the worthy Italian scholar? Here, for the first time, the later Rouault emerges in all his power. Here the vastness is beyond our reach. A demented woman touches an inner peace. Peasants in a ruined landscape—how like the fields of Europe!—shiver, but as if they are swept by eternal winds. Judges are less relentless, because humanized. Even a descent to the Catacombs, with skulls as in a charnel-house, does not blast as in the earlier work. And in a Christ upon a landscape one seems to confront the immeasurable arches which still suggest the very earliest Christian era, as in Byzantine churches in Ravenna. The painter no longer indicts—he is one with the Spirit that heals. And his shaping conforms to his vision.

In other words, though Rouault has pictured a tormented and punished humanity, though his factories are blackened and all but dismantled,

¹ *We Have Been Friends Together*, by Raïssa Maritain. Longmans. \$2.50. It is from this gracious book of reminiscences that the quotations in this paragraph and the one that follows have been taken. Mme. Maritain devotes many pages to Léon Bloy, and a number also to Rouault.

² *Georges Rouault*, by Lionello Venturi. 76 pp. text and bibliography. 192 reproductions, 3 in color. \$12.50. New York. E. Weyhe. A magnificent success in illustration. This is the key book on the formidable French painter and truly the index to his prophecy.

though landscapes even are swept as by the very blade of death, his prophecy—and it is of death—culminates in a promise greater than the catastrophe. Grave reverberations come from beneath the earth, embrace the sky, and once again man is enfolded into the Spirit without which he cannot live.

The prophecy is completed—but it has been completed only within the last few years. And for

this knowledge we must be grateful to Venturi. Where Georges Charensol stopped with 1926 (in his excellent biography), where professional critics merely summarized the later works in terms of the earlier, where even Jacques Maritain had not yet affirmed the greater impact of the more recent paintings, Venturi has by impressive considerations both of text and illustrations, established the full dimensions of Georges Rouault.

Are We Missing a Bus?

Why not support the Murray
Industry Council Plan.

By John C. Cort

HERE'S a pretty kettle of fish. Since 1931—the year of Pius XI's encyclical on "Reconstructing the Social Order"—Catholic social theorists in America have been beating their brains, trying to dream up a sales technique that would put over the Pope's ideas on social and economic reform.

These people, including the author, have been whirling like particularly busy dervishes, throwing off phrases like "occupational group," "vocational group," "vertical organization," "guild," "order," "corporation," etc. We have intoned sonorously, and eloquently, of capital-labor cooperation, of putting an end to class war, unemployment, poverty, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to. From time to time we have fought furious rear-guard actions against non-Catholic critics who, to mix a metaphor, sometimes stopped long enough before our soap-boxes to mutter "Fascist." We have distinguished brilliantly, and ad nauseam, between Corporative State and Corporate Order—and change partners—between Corporatism and Corporativism, between Totalitarianism and Authoritarianism and Industrial Democracy and Economic Democracy and half-a-dozen other excellent abstractions that were, and remain, clear only to ourselves.

What was the result? We were met and surrounded on all sides by blank walls—great, towering blank walls of indifference, both inside and outside the Church. The whole sales campaign was a flop. Or was it? Because suddenly, by some miracle of divine providence, along comes a Scotch-American labor leader of Irish descent who happens to be an intelligent, conscientious Catholic and, in addition, successor of John L. Lewis as president of the CIO. And this man, Philip Murray, as long ago as December, 1940, takes

the essential ingredients of the Pope's plan and incorporates them into a scheme called variously the Murray Plan and the CIO Industry Council Plan. In fact, Murray himself recently told a communion breakfast of the New York ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) that his plan "follows the encyclical almost completely."

And then again, by still another miracle, along comes Donald Nelson, head of the War Production Board, who takes part of the Murray set-up and gives the corporative idea another boost with his currently successful scheme for labor-management committees to increase production in US war plants.

After all this had happened, anyone would think that every Catholic who knows what's cooking in these matters would be simply delighted and would fall all over himself urging his fellow countrymen to get behind the Murray and Nelson plans. Instead, we read in a COMMONWEAL editorial, for example, "The Murray Plan as a whole seems to us still rather vague, and vaguely social anti-democratic . . ."

For the rest, and with a few notable exceptions—mostly found in ACTU circles—the big, blank walls of indifference remained, as far as the author is aware, pretty much as before. The most notable exception was a speech by Archbishop Edward A. Mooney at a Detroit rally of the ACTU in May, 1941, commemorating the 50th anniversary of "Rerum Novarum" and the 10th of "Quadragesimo Anno." His Excellency endorsed the Murray Plan as "a constructive and worthwhile step" toward what he defined as the immediate goal of social progress: "some kind of social mechanism to bring management and labor together continually—not only in an emergency—

to promote their mutual interests and the common good through discussion *around* not *across* the conference table."

Particularly discouraging, however, has been the failure of Catholic industrialists to say or do anything about the apathy of their fellow industrialists in either appreciating these proposals or offering anything constructive of their own. On the other hand, the Communists have been definitely helpful. In a recent pamphlet on "Labor and the War" William Z. Foster, Party big-shot, wrote that "the Murray Plan of industry-labor-government councils in the various industries offers a practical means to accomplish the indispensable end of speeding up production by giving labor a real voice in war industry." At the CIO convention in Detroit last November Harry Bridges, storm-center of current anti-Communist litigation, made an enthusiastic speech in support of a resolution endorsing the plan.

Here we have, incidentally, a rather amusing and significant paradox: Communists supporting an idea that is basically designed to eliminate class-war, to make capitalism (or at least private property) workable and socialism unnecessary. Their motive, of course, is obvious, namely, to make America strong enough to snatch Stalin's chestnuts out of the Axis fire. In short, any means is justified, even a good one.

But let's go back to that COMMONWEAL double-talk about the Murray Plan being "rather vague and vaguely social anti-democratic." It's not at all clear what the thing means, but the best way to refute it will be to explain in some detail just what the plan is. I quote from a speech of Murray's at the CIO convention in November, as contained in the convention minutes, but not, it should be noted, in the *New York Times*:

First, there shall be created under this plan an Industry Council in each of the National Defense industries, whose functions shall be confined to the matters to which I have made reference, namely, to get the ultimate in production out of each industry, to increase efficiency in each industry, and to encourage labor-management-government cooperation in the promotion of these production plans. Each Industry Council shall have sitting upon its Board equal representation from labor, management, and one impartial individual representing the government. It shall be the duty of these Councils to see to it that there is a fair apportionment of National Defense business . . . to give immediate attention through the processes of intelligent, constructive collective bargaining to each grievance that may arise within industry that threatens the continuity of production of defense materials from any industry.

Now extending from the Industry Council there shall be Joint Industry Local Councils, composed of local union representatives and management. They shall concentrate their attention first upon the problems of production in each plant and in each industry, and shall direct their attention towards the expeditious handling of any labor grievance arising under the collective bargaining contracts prevailing over each plant within each industry. And there shall be created at the top of the Industry Council itself a National Board of Review, consisting again of equal

representation of labor, industry and government, this top Board of Review to coordinate the work of the Industry Councils in the field of production and in the proper allocation of defense contracts to particular companies within given industries. It shall be the duty of this top Board of Review to analyze all matters of disagreement coming out of the Industry Councils and originally starting from the local plant disagreements in each of those situations. The top Board of Review might be likened to a great organization whose function it shall be to supervise over the work of the Industry Councils and the local stewards and management councils in each plant engaged in the production of defense materials in the United States of America.

Now, my friends, that formula is simple. It has for its purpose bringing together labor, management and government, beginning at the plant; secondly, in the industry; and thirdly, in the top Board of Review.

Do you know what is the matter with America today? Do you know why there is so much national disunity, so much national confusion? Obviously it is because labor does not trust the employer, the employer in too many instances does not trust labor, government doesn't trust either, and it seems to me that neither labor nor the employer trusts too much in government. Hence the need of using mechanisms of this description, devices such as are suggested in the Industry Council Plan, to bring all of these elements together, working together in the common effort toward the attainment of our national objectives, whatever they may be.

Although Pearl Harbor, shortly after these remarks were made, reduced the quantity of "national disunity and confusion," there is still more than enough left over to make Murray's comment in the last paragraph more than appropriate. And in Washington there is more than confusion; there is a serious bottleneck in the settlement of labor disputes. The War Labor Board now has 150 cases pending and is handling about one every two days. How much smarter to divide these cases up among ten or fifteen Industry Councils—councils composed of men really familiar with the background of each case?

On other occasions Murray has suggested as further functions of the councils a certain amount of price regulation, labor training and supply, allocation of housing for war workers, and general planning for post-war reconstruction and adjustment. As for their legal status we can find an answer in a speech given last March at Manhattan College by Vincent Sweeney, publicity director of Murray's United Steelworkers of America and one who might reasonably be expected to know his chief's mind on the subject. "In effect," he said, "the Industry Councils must be implemented with full executive and administrative authority to carry out the program for each industry."

In comparing this plan with the encyclicals the charge should be not that it is too vague, but rather that it is not vague enough. To quote Pius XI's "Divini Redemptoris" of 1937: "Thus even in the sphere of social-economics, although *the Church has never proposed a definite technical system* since this is not her field, she has nevertheless clearly outlined the guiding principles

which, while susceptible of varied concrete applications according to the diversified conditions of times and places and peoples, indicate the safe way of securing the happy progress of society."

In this "clear outline of principles" there is a good deal said about vocational groups, so that one cannot accurately claim that the encyclicals are concerned only with vague generalities and not at all with social forms and organizations. According to a statement of the American bishops in February, 1940: "The chief qualifications of these vocational groups or guilds, as noted by Pius XI, are that they are autonomous, embrace whole industries and professions, are federated with other constituent groups, possess the right of free organization, assembly, and vote, and that they should dedicate themselves to the common good and with governmental protection and assistance function in the establishment of justice and the general welfare in economic life."

Although Murray's Industry Council is not a vocational group, it is at least representative of such a group, forming an initial connecting link between the two halves, employers' association and union, a link that could easily serve as the beginning of a common organization. As Archbishop Mooney pointed out in applying the encyclicals to America, the big objective, the essential objective is to build a bridge across the abyss that now separates management from labor in this country, to get them together regularly in a spirit of cooperation, and not just once a year in the knockdown, drag-out conferences that usually mark the signing or renewal of a union contract.

It is this that the Murray Plan would do, and if this were the only thing it did, it would still be wonderful. Just how this is supposed to be "social anti-democratic" we could never guess. On the contrary, it is simply an extension of the whole form and spirit of democracy from the field of politics to the field of industry—a field that has been dry and thirsting for it for lo, these many years.

Since American employers have been running industry pretty much as they pleased, it is only natural that they should look upon the Murray Plan with a cold and clammy eye. Their general reaction is: "Haven't we given up enough power to government and 'that man' without having to give up the rest to labor leaders and our own employees?"

This employer attitude was put in a neat nutshell by C. E. Wilson, president of General Motors, at a conference in Detroit last March called by the War Production Board to promote the Nelson plan of management-labor committees in the great war plants of that city. Curt Murdock, president of the Packard local of the United Auto Workers, CIO, asked Mr. Wilson "whether General Motors planned to set up joint manage-

ment-labor committees" with "an equal voice" in war production.

"The question sounded all right," Mr. Wilson replied, "until the questioner said 'with an equal voice.' Any committee of this type can only be a suggestion and advisory committee to the management.

"A joint committee made up of elements selected in various kinds of ways can never have an equal voice in making and executing decisions. These joint committees can be useful in developing the old team spirit and as clearing houses for ideas, but as far as this 'equal voice' bunk—No." (From the *New York Times*, March 25, 1942)

One can't dismiss Mr. Wilson's attitude as arrogant reaction and try to forget about it. Certainly no one claims, at least not this side of the extreme left, that labor has either the right to or desire for an "equal voice" in the whole field of plant management. But it seems to me that Mr. Wilson might well ask himself if he hasn't thought of that field as a little more extensive than it really is. And isn't there a happy medium between "effective voice" and "equal voice"? And finally, wouldn't he rather share the control of plant and industry with labor than lose control of both to federal bureaucrats? That is the really important and basic question.

The tip-off on Mr. Wilson lies in another remark he made on the same occasion. "It bothers me personally very much," he said, "that every time we start something new in this country, we have a bunch of committees to help. *You can't get things done that way.*" (Italics ours.)

Here we have, peeking through the rhetoric, the old fallacy that one-man rule, complete centralization of everything, etc., is the only efficient way to "get things done." Perhaps if Mr. Wilson were to take a good look at Washington, and then, steeling himself, another good look at the implications of that bottle-neck for the whole business of industrial management, and then finally, one last good look at the *greatly increased* efficiency of companies that have given labor an "effective voice" in production policies—well, perhaps he could then begin to understand why such statements as his own bother some people, personally and impersonally, very much indeed.

In short, I am afraid that both employers and labor leaders have a lot to learn in this country about such things as efficiency and justice and charity and humility before we can hope to see any real harmony between capital and labor, either during or after the war. But meanwhile there's the obligation and necessity of giving it a good try. And we might as well recognize the fact that if we don't give it a try, we may not get another chance. In spite of the invincibility of Anglo-American optimism, it is still quite possible to lose the war. As Murray has reminded us, "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation."

One thing all of us can do is to pray for Philip Murray. More than any Catholic layman in years he is in a position to do something big for his country and for Christian social reform. And he is having his troubles. On one side the Communists, still a minority in CIO councils but controlling several important unions, are working like beavers to exploit the present alliance with their fatherland. On the other side the once heroic, but now mostly violent and embittered figure of John L. Lewis dashes headlong to some unknown rendez-vous with his own ambitions. In between and around the edges both friend and foe are criticizing Murray, and with some reason,

for his handling of both these problems and the further problem of unity with the AFL.

In the face of all this and the general indifference of Washington there is a danger that Murray himself may lose faith in his own idea. And that would be a major tragedy. Right now Murray and his Plan are a sort of symbol—a symbol of the heartbreaking difficulties that confront every man who seeks to translate an idea, and particularly an ideal, into the hard, resisting substance of reality. Murray's ideal is a great and good one. He and it deserve the support and active assistance of every Catholic, of every decent man, woman, and child in the country.

Standing the Test

By Jesse Stuart

“O RETA, why are you so happy?” I asked as I moved my chair from the dinner table.

“I'm just happy,” she smiled.

“There must be some reason why you are so happy,” I said. “You've been sad a long time.”

“If I's to tell you why I'm happy, Lester,” Oreta said, “it would make you as sad as I've been. I don't want anybody ever to feel the way that I have felt for the last six months.”

“I don't care what it is,” I said, “I'll never go around dreamin' like you have.”

“You promise that it won't make you mad?”

“Yes, I promise.”

“Promise that you won't lose your temper and want to fight?”

“I promise.”

“An old beau is coming to see me this afternoon,” she said softly, looking at the floor.

“So, Lin Seagraves is coming is he?”

“How did you know it's Lin?” she asked.

“You went with him four years before you married me,” I said. “I know he's never married.”

“That's right, Lester,” Oreta said.

It hurt me to think that another man was coming to my house to see my wife. I believe that it would hurt any man if he loved his wife like I loved Oreta.

“You ought to 've thought about this before we had two children,” I said.

“Now you said you wouldn't fuss, Lester,” she reminded me.

“That's right,” I said. “I forgot.”

Oreta got up from the table and walked over to the stove. She started pouring hot water from the tea-kettle into the dishpan to wash the dishes. I sat at the table thinking as I looked at Oreta—to me, the prettiest woman in the world—I can't blame Lin for coming back to see her, I thought, as I looked at her ripe wheat-straw colored hair and her soft blue eyes, her two rows of percoon petal teeth and her cherry-ripe red lips. She had never looked prettier to me than she did this morning.

Elsetta came running across the dining room to me. I got up from the table, took her by the hand and walked out into the yard. I knew that Oreta wanted to hurry the dishes so she'd have time to fix herself up before Lin came. I knew that I wasn't going back to work in the timber when a man was coming to my house to see my wife. I took time out and walked about over the yard looking at the wild flowers that I had carried from the woods and set out in the yard for Oreta. Elsetta played with their blossoms and waved her tiny hand at the bumble-bees to shoo them away. As I walked along, I thought the situation over. I knew that I wasn't going to hurt Lin for that wouldn't do. I made up my mind that I would treat Lin like I would any other guest. I had beaten him once, maybe I could do it again.

When I walked back in the house, Oreta had done the dishes and she was all dressed up with a bunch of red roses in her blond hair. She was dressed up just the way she used to dress when I went to see her.

“You look fine, Oreta,” I said, laughing, “I haven't seen you look better since the days I used to go with you.”

“Thank you, Lester,” Oreta said.

“You'll look grand when Lin sees you,” I said. “He'll be wanting to take you back to Ohio with him.”

“You think so?” Oreta asked, laughing.

“I know he will.”

I hadn't more than said these words until a well dressed man came walking up the path to our small log house. He looked at the flowers as he walked along the path, touching the soft touch-me-not petals with his white hand.

“There he is,” I said with a smile.

Oreta walked to the door.

“Lin,” she said.

“Oreta,” he said as he hurried up the walk.

I thought they would hug and kiss; I believe if I hadn't been sitting there they would have. They shook hands—Lin held Oreta's hand a little long, I thought. Then Lin looked slowly toward me.

“Howdy, Lester,” he said quite friendly and shook my hand.

"It's mighty good to see you, Lin," I said. "Welcome to our home."

I took his suitcase upstairs to the room that would be his. When I came back Lin was sitting in my big rocking chair drinking a cup of coffee that Oreta had brought him. Oreta was sitting across from him and they were looking at each other smiling—I could see that Lin had admiration for her written across his clean shaven face. He was wearing a blue suit, red rose in his coat lapel, a white silk shirt and a broad striped necktie, held in place with an initialed tie clasp and a diamond tiepin. His shoes were shined until you could see yourself in them.

"You're looking mighty prosperous, Lin," I said breaking in while he was talking to Oreta.

"I'm getting along fairly well, thanks," he said in a pleasant voice.

Just then our baby was awakened by our talking. He awoke crying and Oreta started to the bedroom to get him. "I'll get him, Oreta," I said, "I want Lin to see our boy."

When I brought Timothy back in my arms he had quit crying.

"I'd like to hold Oreta's baby in my arms once," Lin said dusting his coat sleeves.

"You'd better not, Lin," I said. "You haven't handled many babies have you?"

"No, no, I haven't," he said slowly, his face blushing.

"He might dampen you if you were to hold 'im," I said.

When Elsetta walked near Lin he reached out and coaxed with his hands.

"Come to me little Girlie," he said. "You've got hair pretty as your mother's."

But Elsetta shied away as if she were afraid of him.

"That's funny, Oreta," Lin said, "most every little girl likes to come to me."

I almost laughed. That was so funny to hear a bachelor talk like that.

"How are you getting along now, Lester?" Lin asked, turning toward me, screwing his neck around in his stiff collar.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, with your farm work," he said.

"Fairly well," I said. "I need help and can't get it."

"That's too bad," Lin said.

"Everybody's busy now and you can't hire a man a day to save your life," I said.

"Are you making much money?" he asked me.

"Oh, farming's a lot like it used to be when you lived in these parts and worked on a farm," I said. "Tobacco and strawberries is our money crops."

"Farming used to be so dreadful," Lin said. "Thank God I got out of it into something better."

"That's fine," I said.

"If you have something to do this afternoon," Lin said, "don't let me keep you from it."

"I've not got anything for one man to do," I said. "I've got something that will take two men to do."

Lin didn't take my hint since I'd put the proposition before him. He pretended that he didn't understand and he turned to Oreta and started talking about the fine job that he had where he could sit in a swivel chair with a pencil behind his ear all day. I just sat there with Timothy in my arms and listened to him brag to Oreta about the money he was making and the fine home

that he had. I could tell what he was driving at but I didn't pretend that I knew. I just rocked and sang to Timothy. I'd never seen Oreta happier than she was while she looked at Lin and he looked at her and their faces beamed with affection.

Soon as Timothy was asleep, I thought the affection between Lin and Oreta had gone on long enough for one day.

"Lin, you wouldn't mind helping me cut a couple of trees would you?" I asked.

"Oh, oh—oh, no—" he said—"but I didn't bring any work clothes with me. In fact, I don't have any."

"I think I have some here that will fit you," I said.

"Shoes, too?"

"What size do you wear?"

"Eights."

"I've got 'em."

"Yes, I—I—can help you cut down a couple of trees I guess," he said slowly.

"That's fine," I said. "Here's Timothy, Oreta. You can put 'im to bed."

"We're coming with you," Oreta said.

"That's wonderful, Oreta," Lin said, his face brightening.

I hunted my work clothes for Lin and while he dressed I went to the tool shed. I carried the tools; Lin carried Timothy and Oreta walked between Lin and me up the path toward the tobacco patch and led Elsetta. When we reached the tobacco patch, Lin gave Timothy to Oreta while he wiped sweat from his hot face. I wasn't even sweating. Oreta sat down on a rock under a big shade tree at the edge of the field where the wilted tobacco leaves sagged under the glimmer of heat.

"Here's the first tree," I said.

"You've got more than two dead trees to cut," Lin said looking at the row of dead hickories along the edge of the field. "I'm just wondering why you have to cut them."

"The wind blows dead limbs from their shaggy tops," I said. "They fall among the tobacco plants and ruin the leaves."

"Oh, oh—quite true," Lin said. "We'll just cut 'em all."

I knew that Lin was just talking because Oreta was watching us work. I notched the tree so dead and seasoned that it almost turned the edge of my sharp double-bitted ax.

"Ready to rip it down," I said.

Lin got down on his knees and bent over the saw. We finally got the saw started into the side of the seasoned tree. We hadn't sawed half way the first tree when Lin started riding his saw.

"Let's rest a minute, Lin," I said.

"You're not tired are you?"

"No," I said.

I didn't tell him that he was tired or he wouldn't be riding the saw. Lin straightened up above the saw, pulled his handkerchief from his hip pocket and wiped sweat from his eyes and face. His pale face was flushed with color now. I knew that Oreta knew who was tired for she was sitting near enough to watch us work. I knew that Lin didn't want Oreta to know that he couldn't take it. We finally finished sawing the tree down.

I notched the second tree and it took us three hitches to saw it down. I notched the third tree and it took us four hitches to saw it down. The fourth tree I notched,

it took five hitches to saw down. And the fifth tree I notched it took us ten hitches to saw down. When I notched the last tree, Lin stretched out on the grass under the green oak shade to cool. His face was red as a sliced beet. I was a little tired for Lin was really riding the saw now. I guess it took us an hour to saw the last tree down—finally, we got it to the ground.

"What a half day's work," Lin moaned as we started back to the house. He wasn't carrying Timothy either. He stumbled along the path while I carried the tools back to the house and Oreta carried Timothy. Oreta had seen us working together. I wondered what she thought about the man she was married to and the man she thought she was in love with.

That evening when I'd finished my chores, I went to the kitchen to find Lin dressed in his good clothes, wearing an apron over them while he helped Oreta get supper. I almost laughed when I saw him showing her how he did things in his "kitchenette" in Ohio. All he talked to her about was his fine home and how he had it all rented out but the apartment in which he lived. He told Oreta that his bed folded into the wall—and a lot of stuff like that. He told her about his silver-ware; that it was of the best pattern. I never heard such flowery talk.

After supper we sat in the living room and talked. I could see that Lin's face was flushed more than it was when he came. The sun had colored his face to a living red-blood color. I knew that this had been one afternoon when Lin hadn't sat in a swivel chair. That night when I went to bed, I felt as if there were a copperhead turned loose in my home knowing that there was another man in my house in love with my wife. I wondered if other men would feel like I did if they had somebody in their house in love with their wife. All sorts of wild thoughts ran through my brain.

By morning I had another job for Lin. I knew he'd want to stay around the house and help Oreta while I went to the field; I knew if I took Lin to the field that Oreta would go. At the breakfast table, I asked Lin if he would help me pick the cherries. I told him the trees were so tall I needed somebody that could climb—and somebody to hold the ladder. Finally Lin said he would help. Oreta said that she wanted to go and hold the ladder for us. Then Lin was pleased. Soon as I had finished the morning chores and Oreta and Lin had done the dishes, we started to the cherry orchard around the slope from the house. I carried the long ladder; Lin carried Timothy and Oreta carried the big basket with a lot of buckets in it.

While Oreta held the ladder, Elsetta watched over Timothy where Oreta had made him a pallet. Oreta watched me go up the ladder first; then she watched Lin come after me. We carried our buckets strapped around us and small ropes tied to the buckets to let the cherries down from the tree. Then Oreta carried the buckets of cherries and poured them into the big basket.

I knew that Lin thought that he would beat me picking cherries because he thought my calloused fingers were stiff. But I'd lean against a limb and rope them from the tree with both hands while Lin used only one hand and held to the tree with the other. I knew that Oreta couldn't help but notice that I sent two loaded buckets down from the tree to Lin's one. She saw me go out on the limbs and rope the cherries in with my long arms and big hands. And she watched Lin finger around to pull one cherry at the time. I think she was a little disgusted the way Lin picked cherries.

At noon I carried the big basket filled with cherries to the house while Lin walked along with Oreta and talked about his silver-ware, his cherry drop-leaf tables and things that a woman would talk about. Oreta walked beside him and carried Timothy. Lin had wanted to carry him but Oreta insisted that she had better. I thought things had changed a little. Soon as we had finished dinner, we hurried back to the orchard. That afternoon we finished the cherries. And that evening after I'd finished my chores, I came to the house and found Lin trimming Oreta's pretty hair. He was telling her the way women wore their hair in Columbus. That was one time I almost lost my temper but I laughed a forced laugh. I told Oreta that her hair looked much better as she primped before the mirror. But Oreta knew better. I could tell she didn't like her hair-cut. I knew picking cherries was too easy for him; I'd have to find something harder for him to do.

Next morning I took Lin to cut tobacco sticks. Oreta didn't go with us. Lin didn't want to go, but I insisted that I had to have someone help me saw the black-oak cuts from the tree. Soon as we reached the ridge-road above the house, I looked back toward the house—I saw Oreta out among the wild flowers that I had carried from the hills and had set in our yard for her. I'd never seen her do this before. I was pleased.

That morning we cut one tree after another and we ripped the saw through the tree trunks. I looked Lin over while we pulled the saw. He wasn't as much man as I was and I knew it. He talked about house furniture to Oreta just like some neighbor woman would while I talked crops, timber, land, horses, mules, plows and cattle to her. I had come from the pine woods and she had smelled the scent of pine needles on my face. I had come from the tobacco field and she had smelled young green tobacco on my clothes, she had smelled the loamy dirt on my hands, corn silks and corn tassels and young green corn on my breath—I had breathed so much of their scent into my lungs when I worked among them on hot days. She had never smelled these scents on Lin. I thought that I was more of a man than he was. I was bigger, better muscled than he was. He was better dressed; that was all. And to put him in my rags he looked terrible to me; I wondered how he looked to Oreta.

That day after we'd cut tobacco stick timber, Lin was too tired to wear an apron and help Oreta in the kitchen. And that evening we didn't do much talking. I could tell that Oreta had changed toward Lin. I think Lin could tell it too. I thought the next day that he'd get all he wanted for I had saved the hardest work for that day. I wanted to cut clapboards timber from the big oaks on my farm.

That night after Lin went upstairs to bed, I sat alone in the room with Oreta. I smiled at her; she smiled pleasantly at me. I wondered what had made her change toward Lin. I was glad that I hadn't lost my temper; I was glad that I was standing the test with Lin before the woman that we both loved.

Friday morning when we went to cut the board timber, Lin complained of being sore all over his body.

"You're a good worker, Lin," I said. "I'm awfully glad you've come to see us. You've helped me out a lot."

Lin walked silently along the path.

"I think Oreta was glad to see you too," I said.

Lin didn't answer me. He limped along as he walked

up a little hill where the big board timber grew. I followed behind him carrying all the tools.

As we ripped the first big white oak down, Lin had to stop to rest five times. While I trimmed the limbs from the tree, Lin rested. When we had finished sawing a board-cut from the tree trunk, Lin sprawled on the ground to rest. When we went home at noon to dinner, Lin was so tired he could hardly walk. Oreta didn't smile as much toward Lin as she did toward me. I could tell the change had come.

After dinner we went back to the board timber. The whole afternoon, we didn't do as much as two average workers could do in an hour. When the day was over I did the chores. Soon as I'd finished doing my chores I went up the hollow to my bathing hole in a deep cool mountain stream. Then I came home, shaved, put on a white shirt, neck tie, and my best suit of clothes.

I guess Lin was too tired to shave his face and take his bath in the smokehouse. He had been having Oreta heat water for him in the tea-kettle and I had been carrying it to him. And when I sat down at the table, Oreta looked at me with soft eyes and her lips were curved in smile. She saw Lin dressed in my clothes with beard on his face; she saw me dressed in clothes almost as good as Lin had been wearing. She saw the coloring of a working, mountain man where the wind, the sun, rain, sleet and snow whip color into a man's face. Oreta kept looking at me. She scarcely looked at Lin.

That evening Lin didn't help Oreta dry the dishes and he didn't talk about his silver pattern, his apartment, his fine home and furniture and his clothes. He didn't talk about his easy job and all the money he had made since he had left the mountains. And he didn't talk about how little girls always made friends with him since Elsetta never would. Even little Timothy had cried every time Lin had taken him into his arms. Lin went to bed early. Next morning, when Lin came down stairs, he brought his suit case.

"You're not leaving us, Lin?"

"Thought I'd better be getting back to my job," he said. "I just took a week off for my spring vacation."

At the breakfast table Oreta seemed pleased again. She was almost as happy as she was the day that Lin came. She passed Lin the hot biscuits and laughed. She asked him to have this and have that. I thought she was so friendly with Lin again that he might want to stay another week. Then I looked at Lin's sunburned face. It was covered with scattered beard. I wondered why he hadn't shaved—but maybe his face was too sore.

Soon as we had finished breakfast, Lin hurried into the living room, picked up his suit case.

"Goodbye, Oreta," he said.

"Goodbye, Lin."

"Goodbye, Lester."

"Goodbye, Lin," I said, shaking his hand, looking at his suntanned whiskered face that looked so strange above his high white collar, silk shirt and broad striped necktie pinned and clasped. "You want to come and see us again when you spend another vacation."

"Thank you," he said as he made for the door.

When he walked down the path, I watched him as he turned the bend. Oreta didn't look. She threw her arms around my neck.

"Lester," she said.

"Oreta," I said, stroking her bobbed hair.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

DURING the past week I have been reading constantly on what may roughly be termed two levels of a single subject. The subject was the world war. One level was that of the newspapers, weekly reviews, monthly magazines and pamphlets, and reports issued by information and propaganda agencies. All in all, this level may be called the immediate, the factual (although very often facts are not always present!), and the tactical aspects, of the world-embracing struggle. The other level was afforded by the perusal—not yet finished, and still far from being assimilated—of a stout volume of more than three hundred and fifty closely printed large pages; entitled, "National Patriotism in Papal Teaching, by John J. Wright, Priest of the Archdiocese of Boston." It contains Father Wright's "dissertation for the Doctorate in Sacred Theology, submitted to the Theological Faculty of the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome," dedicated, "in loyalty and gratitude," to His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell. And this most valuable work, I think, may be said to represent a treatment of the permanent, fundamental, spiritual, moral, and intellectual forces motivating the dynamic tempests now raging throughout the world.

No single word, or name, or definition, not even theological ones—which, however, hit closer to the mark than all others—can, of course, wholly sum up the nature of the world war and revolution. National patriotism is only one of many gigantic passions raging in the world today. Nevertheless, both the newspapers, and this book, prove how potent it is both for good and evil. It is because of Patriotism—love of, and devotion to, one's national community—that the United Nations and their peoples fight against the Axis nations, even as the latter nations also fight against the former ones. It is Patriotism, as they conceive it, which impels the Hindu Congress leaders in their perilous policy of defying both Great Britain and Japan simultaneously. It is Patriotism that supports the peoples of so many conquered nations as they face the defeats of yesterday, the degradation of their lot today, and their hopes of national, as well as personal, freedom for tomorrow.

Even although other dynamic passions sway the hearts and minds and souls of embattled humanity, on either side of the lines of battle, and among those not as yet physically at war, national patriotism remains a major if not always the preponderant issue. Russia for twenty years past has been considered to be the gigantic embodiment of a force utterly opposed to national patriotism, that of atheistic, materialistic Communism, yet now in the midst of its life-and-death struggle with the nazi armies—which embody still another force, that of racial idolatry, in the name of which purely national forces were to be swept aside—Russia invoked and has awakened national patriotism; even as the nazis have

done, in spite of the supposedly superior claims of their racial passion.

What I have alluded to as the day-by-day, newspaper-view, so to speak, of the world at war: of the world boiling and steaming and exploding in universal revolution, of which the war is merely the exterior sign, is not absent from Father Wright's essay, although its main message is not concerned with the ups and downs of the factual diagrams of the struggle, the bulletins from the front, the head-lines and the commentaries. His dissertation was written in Rome, and presented in 1939, when he lived at the American College, "now closed for the duration—the first interruption in its eighty years of existence." The great University which accepted his thesis, always so vital and representative a center of the supernatural energies of Catholicism, is now sadly diminished, as its professors and students were scattered back to their various native lands, to share their temporal fates. "Most of the greatest continental centers for the study of Catholic moral and social teaching," Father Wright tells us in his prefatory note, "have been either silenced or dispersed."

It did not come within the lines of his scholarly task to speak in detail of the frightful persecution of Catholics, and of Protestants and of Jews, in other ways than through the silencing or the dispersal of institutions of the higher forms of study and education. In Germany, in Poland most especially, in Holland, Belgium, in fact everywhere under "the crooked cross, that is not the Cross of Christ"—the Nazi Swastika—Catholicism, to confine ourselves to that alone, for the present, is suffering, and bids fair to continue suffering (unless nazism is defeated and its influence reversed), in all its organized manifestations as never before in all its two thousand years of history. No doubt the blood of the martyrs, and the tears and the sweat and the agonies of the many millions not actually slain, yet victimized, now as before make up the mystic "seed of the Church." No doubt, we may reasonably believe—for past history supports such faith—even today, in the midst of the persecution, great Saints are being formed. But also we know, and here again past history supplies the basis for such knowledge, that the light of high Sanctity, authentic Saints, must shine above the shadows thrown by vast multitudes of weakened Christians, succumbing to their persecutors. The masses are not formally apostasizing—though many do, even in high places, at times—but they are giving up the struggle, especially letting their children go the way of apostasy; mostly the unconscious and easy way that results from loss of schools, lack of organized instruction, lack of opportunities to work and serve their nations, as well as their personal interests, if they are known or even suspected of being Catholics. It is of faith—therefore it is both unquestionably and immutably true—that all such evils, pouring out upon the world through the opened gates of hell, cannot finally prevail against the Church. After, perhaps, generations of human suffering and degradation, or centuries, or Hitler's threatened era of a thousand years, the organized as well as the hidden and purely spiritual life of the Church will surely survive, and flourish again.

But we of today have the tasks of our day; not of tomorrow, save only to prepare for tomorrow as best we may, after primary attention, and after our energies have been devoted to the duties of today. Father Wright has placed a powerful intellectual, moral, and spiritual tool in the hands of today's generation of Catholics in the United States, who are now more important than ever before, both for the Church, and for the world to which the Church is commissioned to teach the truth. It is said, by Father Wright himself, in his Introduction, that "the most profound theological speculation on God's purposes in creation yields no conclusion more final with regard to the purpose for which God created human personality than that set forth in the catechism: 'God made me to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world that I may be happy with Him in the next.'" It might also be said, that what the Church teaches in regard to national patriotism, although its proper intellectual expression, its study, must extend into far-ranging fields of theology, philosophy, political theories, into the whole area of recorded history, and the shadowy pre-historical provinces of archeology, etc., might also readily be expressed in very few and simple words. It is, as Father Wright shows the teaching of the Church to be, a virtue, one of the virtues by which a man's soul is brought into contact with the "good" which that soul requires in order to attain its final purpose; a virtue apparently instinctive, by which all men, from primitive savages to profound philosophers, are moved to love their own fatherland, or native place. But virtues, if excessively followed, may become terrible vices. The Totalitarian vice would compel its victims to one extreme; what is vaguely called "world patriotism," by many of those fighting Totalitarianism, would destroy all love and devotion to particular nations, if pushed to its own extreme degree. In between, is the golden mean; the true teaching; the teaching of the Church expounded in this book.

National patriotism, properly so called—duly regulated and maintained as a virtue—is still far from the fate destined for it either by the Totalitarians, or by the Utopianists. It is vigorously alive in the majority of the peoples of the world. How it is to be, or, at least, how it ought to be, in each nation, harmonized with respect for, and cooperation with, other forms of national patriotism, is the great lesson taught by the Catholic Church, speaking through its Popes, especially those beginning with, and preeminently including, Pope Leo XIII. What the modern Popes have taught, while never discordant with, or contradicting, the teaching of the Popes from Peter onward, applies directly to the problems of today, and of tomorrow, not the problems of past ages; save to explain them in the revealing light of Christian truth.

Obviously, a journalist like the present writer cannot presume to sit in judgment upon Father Wright's book. Its merits and demerits must be left to his theological and scholarly peers. Fundamentally, that task of judgment was done when his great University accepted his thesis. But all Catholic writers, teachers, thoughtful Catholic citizens, may—as I hope and trust I may—profit by the reading of his thesis.

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Communications

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: May I point out that Mr. Sylvester in his review misses the point of James Cozzens' new novel, "The Just and the Unjust?" Mr. Sylvester writes: "But it is a just sentence and everyone involved knows this in his heart." In the first place it isn't a "sentence" at all; but it is a jury verdict. But as a matter of fact no one in knows, in his heart, anything of the kind. All the principals express opinions exactly contrary to Mr. Sylvester's. And though Mr. Cozzens gives no explicit opinion, every word he has written implicitly denies this statement.

Mr. Sylvester then, amazingly, writes: "The mass mind and intuition of the jury has been more accurate than the infinitely more brilliant and intelligent minds of the judges and the prosecutors. This, of course, is what the law intended a jury for, as Mr. Cozzens points out in a somewhat unnecessary summing up."

Seldom have I read a greater misstatement of a novel's thesis than this. Never was a "summing up" more necessary. Apparently, for Mr. Sylvester, the summing up was too oblique. Surely Mr. Sylvester but hastily read the jury-charge. There, if God ever allowed words to make things clear, the judge's charge makes clear the difference between first and second degree murder. And it is *not* the business of juries to think up their own distinctions or to re-make the law. What makes their verdict surprising is that this jury does exactly that.

And they do this because Harry Wurtz flatters them into peculiar importance by making them believe that legislatures regard them as "a bunch of ignorant hicks," and that the beating of Howell by F.B.I. agents was an affront to free men. The jury accepts the Wurtz evaluation of them, the evaluation of a man, the lawyer for the defense, whom Mr. Sylvester calls the "local smart aleck."

That it is possible for a "smart aleck" lawyer successfully to do this sort of thing is precisely what Mr. Cozzens is trying to show. The mass mind of the jury hasn't been "accurate" at all. It has been wrong—stupidly wrong and wilfully absurd. And Mr. Cozzens makes this clear by the words he puts into the mouth of Judge Coates: "They may be wrong, and may refuse to do the things they ought to do; but freedom just to be wise and good isn't any freedom. We pay a price for lay participation in the law; but it's a necessary expense." Here, in respect of the verdict, Mr. Cozzens is saying what he is saying throughout his book which, in a sense is the education of Abner to the discovery that: "This is not the way things ought to be in this world, but this is the way they are." And Abner (and you and I) must accept it, just as he must accept Jesse, and many other things. And, if you wish to put it on that level, the intellect must discipline itself—in a free world—to accept the mistakes of the mass.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

Let Us Then Be Gay

IF YOU want entertainment kind of entertainment, froth with elaborate sets and lively music, then "Holiday Inn" is your answer. With Bing Crosby crooning his merry way through Irving Berlin songs and with Fred Astaire dancing down his irresponsible path to more Berlin music and with two fresh and pretty blondes to team off with our carefree heroes, you only have to relax and keep your eyes and ears open. Claude Binyon wrote his screenplay and Mark Sandrich produced and directed with a single thought in mind—to keep you amused and interested. The plot is based on a novel idea which Mr. Berlin thought up, no doubt in between songs: Bing, tired of working every day year-in-and-year-out, runs an inn that is only open on holidays. The customers seem to like the plan. Anyway it gives the makers of this film a skeleton on which to hang some swell Berlin songs: "White Christmas," "Let's Start the New Year Right," "Abraham," "Be Careful, It's My Heart," "I Can't Tell a Lie," "Song of Freedom," "Plenty To Be Thankful For"—the holiday being celebrated in each case is obvious. Bing puts on a black face and sings his best for "Abraham." Fred dances his sprightliest and says it with firecrackers. The blondes, Marjorie Reynolds and Virginia Dale romp with both boys. For a musical comedy, Binyon's script is a little short of humor and wisecracks; and none of the fun will actually roll you out in the aisles with laughter. Anyway the smooth production will keep you light-hearted and gay. Crosby's singing of my favorite Berlin tune "Easter Parade" would be enough to make me go into rhapsodies over the picture. The film had an appropriately splashy world premiere at New York's Paramount Theatre. Tickets sold for a \$5.50 top, and the \$16,500 proceeds went to the Navy Relief Fund. What with "Holiday Inn" and "This Is the Army," Irving Berlin's music is doing more than its bit.

However, if you like your musical-comedy films fast, rough and full-bodied, then "Footlight Serenade" is your picture. It's a backstage affair about a very obnoxious boxing champ (Victor Mature) who, Phil Silvers convinces James Gleason, should play the lead in a musical show. So "The Body Beautiful" plays the lead and makes himself as objectionable as possible to all concerned. Especially and rightly annoyed by "The B. B." are Cobina Wright, Jr. who was to play opposite him, and Betty Grable, a chorus girl who takes her place, and John Payne, Betty's sweetie-pie, whose handsome figure and face lands him a job as the champ's musical-comedy sparring partner. None of this gets anywhere much, but Gregory Ratoff has directed it all with a speedy pace; and William Le Baron has dressed his production well. Silvers cracks some funny jokes; Betty dances in good form and shows her figure to advantage; the two boys throw their well-built torsos around. And, believe it or not, the fight in the finale has a surprise ending. The music by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger is tunesome and lively and is handled well by Grable *et al.*

I don't know why the producers of the Abbott and Cos-

tello films bother to fuss around so much with plots. Usually the stories don't make much sense anyway, so why not just let the comedians, the singers and the chorus go about their business and do their entertaining without taxing the ingenuity of scriptwriters to account for why the zanies and their friends are where they are and are doing what they are. In "*Pardon My Sarong*," the plot is more stupid and unnecessary than usual. We don't care a hang about the feud between Robert Paige and Virginia Bruce, or the boat race that lands the whole party on a Pacific Island. There is fun though in the crosscountry bus ride with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello at the wheel. And there's some swell dancing and singing numbers by those expert Negro entertainers known as the Four Ink Spots and Tip, Tap and Toe. The grass-skirt-and-hula stuff is hardly worth the long trek to mid-ocean, but Costello's protests and indignation are always a delight to behold. His portrayal of Wellington Plug stands up with any of his characterizations—as if you, or anyone else, ever thought of Costello as anyone but himself. In other words, the two boys are fun again; and the nuts are worth the trouble of struggling through the uninteresting shell of a plot. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

The Meek and the Brave

The Reed and the Rock. Portrait of Simon Bruté. Theodore Maynard. Longmans. \$2.75.

IN "The Story of American Catholicism" Mr. Maynard stated that the career of Bishop Bruté read like a romance. Happily it charmed him into writing this biography which is fresh and natural and buoyant, deliciously humorous and tenderly sympathetic. There is a gusto in its style that must spring from the fact that the author was so familiar with the scenes and documents associated with Bruté that he wrote as if of personal recollection and experience. True, the character whom he described was a real character, one of those "flowers of individuality" that flourished at Mount Saint Mary's at Emmitsburg, but Mr. Maynard does not let Bruté's eccentricity dominate the portrait; here we have the whole man, and, as we lay the book aside, we claim a new friend; no friends of Bruté's, whatever their failings, even to apostasy as in the case of the unfortunate Félicité de Lamennais, were ever relinquished by his loving and generous heart, so it is well to be among them.

Gabriel Simon Bruté de Rémur was born in Rennes, France in 1779. His father was superintendent of the Royal Domains in Brittany, and his mother had from her first husband the business of Printer to the King and Parliament in Rennes, so his earliest days were spent among books and records. During the Reign of Terror, the boy was frequently sent to carry the Blessed Sacrament to priests in prison, and he remained a faithful Catholic during his years of medical study in Paris. At the Ecole de Médecine, where he graduated in 1803, he won the coveted Corvisart Prize, triumphing over his friend Laënnec who was to become famous as the inventor of the stethoscope. He was appointed physician at the First Dispensary in Paris, but went instead to the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. He was ordained priest in 1808, and became a Sulpician. In 1810 he came to the United

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States with Bishop Flaget and taught philosophy for two years at Saint Mary's in Baltimore. Thence he went to Mount Saint Mary's at Emmitsburg where he taught, ministered to the Catholics in the vicinity, and was spiritual adviser to Mother Seton who had established her community of Sisters of Charity at nearby Mount Saint Joseph's. Except for three years as President of Saint Mary's in Baltimore, (1815-1818) and several trips to France, he was at Mount St. Mary's until 1834 when he was made Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana. He died of tuberculosis at Vincennes in 1839.

The most delightful chapters in this biography deal with Bruté's life at Mount Saint Mary's. Tall and gaunt, energetic and restless, now and then asserting his desire to be a missionary in China or elsewhere, the priest was a well known figure in the neighborhood. At the rate of six miles an hour, reading one of his five thousand learned books as he went, he would stride down to Saint Joseph's to talk with Mother Seton and her children, to celebrate Mass for the Sisters, or hear their confessions. He was an assiduous visitor to the sick, especially to the Catholic Negro slaves in the country. He thought nothing of walking the fifty-two miles to Baltimore, and would betake himself there on foot in the night if the evening mail brought him a letter from Archbishop Carroll asking him to verify a quotation at his convenience. He built grottoes and terraces on the hillside, answered an endless stream of letters from bishops and priests asking for references or bibliographies, and made innumerable notes. Two of the earliest histories of the Church in this country were based on his notes. "Poor crazy Bruté," he called himself; his friends used that appellation and another: "the Angel of the Mount."

It is in describing Bruté's simplicity and holiness that the author excels. We almost feel that Mr. Maynard listened while Mother Elizabeth Seton and he, "God's Betty and God's Gabe," spoke of eternity after he had read aloud to her, in an unsuccessful effort to improve his atrocious English, a chapter in "The Imitation of Christ." Bruté was high strung and sensitive and must have been tempted to bitterness when aware of ridicule; what his inner struggle was we may surmise, and what his victory, for there was no trace of rancor in him: he was gentle, patient and humble, ever ready to help at any cost to himself.

At Mount Saint Mary's, he perhaps revelled in the restlessness and eccentricity that caused Bishop English and others of his friends to think him unfit for a bishopric, but, when named Bishop of Vincennes, "the reed became a rock;" Bruté threw himself heart and soul into the work and surprised everybody with his organizing ability. He became a United States citizen then, but he knew whence he must draw help for his diocese, and enticed from his native land priests for the western missions. We must reckon his whole life as a part of the debt that Catholics in America owe to France. It is pleasant to thank a writer so steeped in English literary tradition for reminding us of it. D. H. MOSELEY.

BELLES LETTRES

Living Upstairs. Francis Meehan. Dutton. \$2.50.

IF YOU feel you must write of the joys of reading, of the satisfactions of communing with the great minds of human history, there would presumably be two distinct readers to address. With the first, you could fully share your enthusiasms thanks to his own wide reading.

And he would want his argument straight. Much of the time the mere mention of a sage or the title of a book could be expected to produce the desired meeting of minds. Not so when the idea is to reach the second type. For the object here is the literate but unread American who is often ambitious to discover what literature with a capital "L" can do for him. The theory seems to be that you have to go strange lengths to catch his fancy.

In any case Francis Meehan compares his subject with the problem of living in a house and he tries hard to bring everything beneath the roof of that stilted edifice. The important thing is to "live upstairs" where "we entertain friends who inspire and encourage us, people we know and love; and upstairs a man dons his frayed lounge robe and his bulbous slippers and slumps happily in a battered club chair, disreputable but dear." This first image leaves out the work table and the collegiate pipe—which are later introduced with some fanfare—but it gives a hint of what is to follow. A number of readers for whom the phrase, the Upper Room, has a unique and religious connotation will be disconcerted with the persistence with which the author uses it as a vague symbol of the activity of the mind.

Introduction to this room is followed by such a procession of chairs, windows, curtains, visitors and other appurtenances of this metaphoric home that the impatient reviewer feels like calling for the nearest real estate agent. It is hard to believe that so unattractive a device will appeal to the great unread. The early chapters also contain too many famous names and too few reasons for alluding to each one to be very useful. But Francis Meehan before long warms up to his subject. The reader who perseveres and who brushes aside the irritating bric à brac will be rewarded. The author is a man of truly catholic tastes. When he gets around to discussing Horace or Montaigne or à Kempis he has things to say and says them well. At such moments he is at his persuasive best.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

BIOGRAPHY

Saint Cecil Cyprian. Joseph H. Fichter, S.J. Herder. \$2.50.

DESPITE the fact that St. Cyprian "has left little biographical data about himself," the author of this very readable life of the African saint has managed by his wide reading of the sources and his skilful conflation of quotations to bring before us a life-like and lovable figure of the third-century Bishop and Martyr. That crammed decade 248-258 is not unlike our own seething times, when persecution and upheaval form the setting for many an act of heroism and loyalty to principle. As the chief Bishop of the African Church, Cyprian's life is given to writing and ruling. His writings and his letters show us a man wholly won over from paganism to Christ, loving the unity of the Church and active in combatting the heresies rising to rupture that unity. Thus he will write "On the Vanity of Idols," "On the Dress of Virgins," and an apologetic "Testimonies Against the Jews." We can understand the situation because it is so much like our own. The Christian religion, but recently introduced into Carthage, already has precisely that touch of ineffectiveness that seems to us so modern. So the Bishop finds himself, as the fires of persecution sweep over North Africa, obliged to deal with hundreds of the lapsed; shall they be received back by way of penance? Shall they be granted reconciliation? Accom-

panying this wholesale defection among the faithful is the suffering occasioned by imprisonment, loss of property, and disease. Here too Cyprian busies himself magnanimously with works of corporal mercy, raising contributions for provincial congregations and visiting those sick and in prison. He not only has to deal with the lapsed but has to meet hostile attacks from his own envious clergy, using charity to the last degree and finally standing them to the face in the cause of the unity of the Church. Out of the furnace of affliction Cyprian finds time to write three very beautiful short works on "The Lord's Prayer," "On the Good of Patience," and "On Jealousy and Envy." His correspondence during this troubled decade was abundant, and the author has used the saint's letters to telling advantage, showing the greatness of the man upon whom fell in so disturbed a period the care of all the Churches of North Africa. We see how he upheld the order of the Pope and combatted false popes and heretical rivals to episcopal sees. And then we are amazed at his vigorous stand for order against Roman tradition, as he declares and teaches *urbi et orbi* that baptism by heretics (the Donatists) is no baptism, thus eliciting from Pope Stephen a sharp reply and the *locus classicus* of subsequent theology—*nihil innovetur, nisi quod traditum est*. What might have become a widespread schism in Africa was cut short by Cyprian's martyrdom in the year 258. He and his council of eighty-seven bishops had erred, failing to realize that baptism gives grace of itself, independently of the minister who baptizes; that one has to distinguish the sacrament from the effect or use of the sacrament. In any event, Cyprian observed courage and charity and unity; in the words of St. Augustine, "it was right for the charity which seeks unity to cover over the error of human infirmity". "If any mistiness crept over the clarity of his intellect from human infirmity, it was dispelled by the glorious brilliance of his blood." He was beheaded in September 258.

Father Fichter has done an admirable piece of historical research and interpretation, and in a book of 270 pages has drawn a picture of a valiant and lovable saint who must inspire present-day Catholics with courage and zeal and patient charity. RICHARD FLOWER.

FICTION

The Uninvited. Dorothy Macardle. Doubleday. \$2.50.

THIS is a "ghost story." It seems to this reviewer that all ghost stories fall under Horace's condemnation of the *Deus ex machina*, at least so far as the present generation is concerned. Your "intellectual" is bound to unbelief in ghosts and he sets the mood for most novel-readers. For him and his like a ghost story must end in a "natural explanation," in which case it is merely a form of the detective story. Otherwise, it is bad art, for to drag in the "supernatural" at any point, and leave it unresolved into the natural is to introduce the impossible. For those, even, who believe in the "supernatural," that is in ghosts (as this reviewer does) much the same is true where fiction is concerned. Fiction concerns itself with character, conflict and suspense all developed "naturally" out of the materials of every-day life. A ghost story's real importance and interest is wholly in its *truth*; in fiction, no matter how treated, a ghost is an interloper.

Subject to this objection, "The Uninvited" is good entertainment, and introduces us to some interesting peo-

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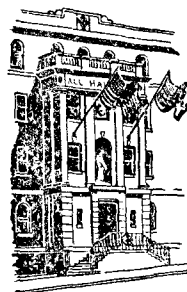
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ple, and lovely country. It is easy to take at a sitting. (This reviewer did so take it.) Miss Macardle does about as well as any woman can be expected to do in telling her story in the voice of a man. But what was Father Anson supposed to be doing in the "action"? He had no part in the "supernatural" element (the séances) and did not influence the dénouement. As a matter of fact the supernatural element is left "unsolved" either way. It is unmistakably there, yet its resolution at the end seems a bit unconvincing. We are left somewhat uncertain whether it was Pamela's "intuition" or the "information" she received at the séances which enabled her to lay the "perturbed spirit." However, all said and done it is pleasant reading and well written. As such it, presumably, achieves the goal at which it was aimed. There is no sign of any desire to inculcate a "moral."

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

POETRY

Sonnets to Orpheus. Rainer Maria von Rilke. Norton. \$2.50.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, born in Prague in 1875, was the offspring of an old Austrian family for Carinthia. His education in the Austrian West Point (St. Poelten) did not change the hypersensitive boy, but only tortured him. He travelled far and wide in Scandinavia and Russia, settled temporarily in the North German Worpsswede—pendant of the French Barbizon—was also for a time Auguste Rodin's private secretary, was a soldier during part of the World War, and finally, after a restless life, settled down in the sunny Valais, where he died in 1926.

He is the only German poet of the last fifty years who has an international following, especially in France and England. His Catholic background and the titles of some of his chief works—the "Life of the Virgin Mary," "Book of the Hours," "St. Francis of Assisi"—have led a great many Catholics into the fold of his admirers. The atmosphere of his work seems to be Catholic. His love of the small things, his reverence for tradition and organic growth, his symbolism, the tender musicality of his language have encouraged this view. Yet Catholic readers will soon notice that the older Rilke is a prophet of a strange religion all his own, of which this edition of the "Sonnets to Orpheus" is a clear witness. The fact that he translated André Gide and, for some time, wrote like the Dane, J. P. Jacobsen, is an indication that his Catholic tendencies were merely esthetic. One has only to read the quotations from Rilke in the editor's preface and notes to see that Rilke's faith has not a trace of Christianity, and exhausts itself in beautiful, vague and abstruse imagery without any objectivity. His idea of "spiritualization" is a sort of cosmic chemistry in which the human soul is the retort through which the "matter" of visible things have to pass to become eternal. In his own words: "We frantically plunder the visible of its honey, to accumulate it in the great golden hive of the invisible. (Our poetry shows) us at this work, the work of the continual conversions of the beloved visible and tangible into the invisible vibration and animation of our own nature, which introduces new frequencies into the vibration-spheres of the universe (sounds almost like Christian Science to me!) . . . we are preparing in this way not only new intensities of a spiritual sort, but, who knows, (yes, who does?) new substances (sic), metals, nebulae and stars." There you have your mature Rilke.

Nobody who can read German will deny that Rilke's poetry has strong musical charm. Nobody will deny that he was a seeker after truth, and that he gave his whole life in search of an answer to the two fundamental questions of death and love. This serious butterfly whose life mirrors his faith in cruel truth has no message of lasting value for man, as his poetry is neither of the exhilarating nor of the really "edifying" kind. He is a complex being, a cross between a prophet and a poet, sharing with the first his dark, mysterious language, grand imagery and his austerity, and with the latter music and formal beauty. But a translation kills this very delicate beauty which is often only of the auditory kind; it reveals the frequent absurdity of his dark, evaporating images, and brings us a message so queer and unhelpful that we wonder, *cui bonum?* The translation is extraordinarily true to the original and skilfully done, and the editor and publisher take great pains to give us a true "version" of this strange *Fin de siècle* poet.

H. A. REINHOLD.

SOCIAL HISTORY

The Long Ships Passing. Walter Havighurst. Macmillan. \$3.00.

AMERICANS generally have very little notion of how great a part the Great Lakes have played in their history and now play in their economic life. We take it very much for granted that these five bodies of water with their connecting rivers and canals constitute one of the most magnificent inland waterways on earth, and one which to a large extent has made possible our fabulous industrial development. For the cheap transportation they afford brings the great iron deposits of Michigan and Minnesota close enough to the coal of Pennsylvania and West Virginia to have created the greatest iron and steel industry in the world.

The Lakes also, and for the same reason, have made American wheat the power it is and have brought to our cities the millions upon millions of feet of lumber from which their houses were constructed during the years of tremendous growth. And the Lakes, more than any other highway, populated the West. All these things emerge living from Mr. Havighurst's book, and much more. He has scouted through the Lake ports and the logs of Lake vessels and the files of Lake newspapers to dig out the romantic detail bound to be given birth by any vast natural phenomenon of nature which man sets out to control. The Lakes are deep and cold and big and stormy. A ship sinks in Superior, and years later divers recover from it as souvenirs the most ephemeral objects of the day, preserved in the frigid water. Sailing such inland seas has required its full share of heroism and devotion and suffering: their memorials make good reading.

Unfortunately "The Long Ships Passing" is queerly written, and to my taste badly written. It is repetitious, its style has not the slightest trace of subtlety, and the general effect is one of far greater poverty than is actually warranted. The pattern of every paragraph is substantially the same, and each seems infused with a certain sententiousness, as though the author constantly felt the need of being dramatic, which leaves the reader rather weary. Yet for all this one can forgive Mr. Havighurst if only because he has gathered together so much that is of sufficient inherent interest. The illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II add much to the volume.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

The Inner Forum

Latin American Seminar

ONE of the most enterprising steps toward Pan-American cultural cooperation will be taken at Washington, D. C., on August 24. It is the opening of an important inter-American Seminar on Social Studies to be conducted under the auspices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. After a week in Washington it will meet at the University of Notre Dame for one day followed by three days in Chicago. After a day in Detroit and a day in Buffalo the Seminar will hold a three-day session in New York. Its general theme is "The Americas and the Crisis of Civilization."

Thus far representatives from the following countries have accepted invitations to participate: Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Ecuador, Mexico and Venezuela. Among the leading delegates are Bishop Miguel Dario Miranda of Tulancingo, Mexico; Bishop Miguel de Andrea of Buenos Aires, titular bishop of Temnus; Very Reverend Felix Restrepo, S.J., Rector of the Pontifical University of Bogotá, Colombia; Very Reverend Felix Benao Botero, Rector of the Catholic University of Medellin, Colombia.

The NCWC Social Action Department has taken charge of working out the program. The opening sessions in Washington, to which fifteen representatives of the United States have been invited as regular participants, will serve as somewhat of a general introduction to the Seminar. In analyzing the basic aspects of the present world crisis it will take up the interrelation between that crisis and the nations of the Western Hemisphere. It will also emphasize the rôle of Catholic thought and Catholic activity in contributing to the solution of these critical current problems. When the Seminar moves on to other cities a similar number of representatives of the United States will be on hand to join the Latin American delegates in the discussions.

The Notre Dame session will revolve around the topic, "A Catholic University's Program for Meeting the Crisis." At Chicago subjects for discussion include "Barriers to Inter-American Catholic Cooperation" and "Catholic Opinion in the Americas upon the Crisis." At Detroit, fittingly enough, the theme will be "The Training of Labor in Catholic Social Principles."

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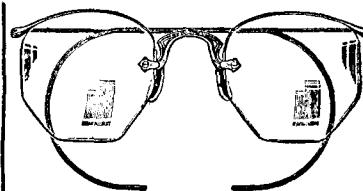
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